THE CARDINAL

A

TRAGEDIE,

AS

It was acted at the private House

IN

BLACK FRYERS.

WRITTEN

By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Not Printed before.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the Three Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.

1652.

To my worthily honored Friend *G. B.* Esq;

SIR,

I *Did suffer at the first some contention within me, and looking upon my self, was inclined to stifle my ambitious thoughts in this Dedication; but when some time, and a happy conversation, had preferred me to more acquaintance with you, (which was more argument to me, than the fame I had heard of your reputation, with the most temperate and ingenious men) I found you not only an excellent Judge, but a good Man: at this my modesty took full encouragement, to make this offering, which as I conceive to be the best of my flock, I knew not a better Altar whereon to make it a sacrifice, with this protestation, that it comes (and that is it only, which makes all devoti-*

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ons acceptable) from the heart, and your candid acceptance will bind me with all my services, and remembrance, to merit a reception with you, in the quality and honour of,

Sir,

Your most humble
devoted Servant,
JA. SHIRLEY

Prologue

Prologue.

THe Cardinal, 'cause we expreſs no ſcene,
We doe believe moſt of you Gentlemen
Are at this hour in France, and buſie there,
Though you vouchſafe to lend your bodies here;
But keep your fancy active, till you know
By th' progreſs of our Play, 'tis nothing ſo;
A Poets art is to lead on your thought
Through ſubtle paths and workings of a plot,
And where your expectation does not thrive,
If things fall better, yet you may forgive;
I will ſay nothing poſitive, you may
Think what you pleaſe, we call it but a Play,
Whether the comick Muſe, or Ladies love,
Romance, or direfull Tragedy it prove,
The Bill determines not; and would you be
Perſwaded, I would have't a Comedie,
For all the purple in the name, and ſtate
Of him that owns it; but 'tis left to fate;
Yet I will tell you e're you ſee it plaid,
What the Author, and he bluſht too, when he ſaid
(Comparing with his own for 't had been pride)
He thought, to build his wit a Pyramyde
Vpon anothers wounded Fame,) this Play
Might rivall with his beſt, and dar'd to ſay—
Troth I am out; he ſaid no more; you then,
When 't is done, may ſay your pleaſures Gentlemen.

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To the ſurviving Honour and Ornament of the Engliſh Scene, *Iames Shirley.*

AS Fate, which doth all human matters ſway,
Makes proudeſt things grow up into decay;
And when they are to envyed greatneſs grown,
She wantonly falls off, and throws them down:
So, when our Engliſh Dramma was at hight,
And ſhin'd, and rul'd with Majeſty and might,
A ſudden whirlwind threw it from it ſeat,
Deflowr'd the Groves, and quench'd the Muſes heat.
Yet as in Saints, and Martyr'd bodies, when
They cannot call their bleſſed Souls agen
To earth; Reliques, and aſhes men preſerve,
And think they do, but what, bleſt they deſerve:
So I, by my devotion led, aſpire
To keep alive your noble Veſtal fire,
Honour this piece, which ſhews, Sir, you have been
The laſt ſupporter of the dying Scene;
And though I do not tell you, how you dreſs
Virtue in gloryes, and bold vice depreſs;
Nor celebrate your lovely Dutcheſs fall,
Or the juſt ruine of your Cardinal;
Yet this I dare aſſert, when men have nam'd
Iohnſon (the Nations Laureat,) the fam'd
Beaumont, and *Fletcher*, he, that wo'not ſee
Shirley, the fourth, muſt forfeit his beſt ey.

HALL.

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Persons.

King *of* Navarre.
Cardinal.
Columbo, *the Cardinals Nephew.*
Alvarez.
Hernando, *a Colonel.*
Alphonso.
Lords.
Secretary *to the Dutchess.*
Colonels
Antonelli, *the Cardinals Servant.*
Surgion.
Guard.
Attendants, &c.

Dutchess Rosaura
Valeria, } *Ladies.*
Celinda, }
Placentia, *a Lady that waits upon the Dutchess.*

Scene Navarre.

THE CARDINAL.

ACT I.

Enter two Lords (at one door) Secretary (at the other.)

1 *Lord.*

WHo is that?

2 *Lo.* The Dutcheſs Secretary.

1 *Lo.* Signior.

Secr. Your Lordſhips Servant. *(mourning*

1 *Lo.* How does her Grace ſince ſhe left her
For the young Duke *Mendoza*, whoſe timeleſs death
At Sea, left her a Virgin and a Widdow?

2 *Lo.* Shee's now inclining to a ſecond Bride,
When is the day of mighty mariage
To our great Cardinals Nephew, *Don Columbo*?

Secr. When they agree; they wo'not ſteal to Church,
I gueſs the ceremonies will be loud, and publick.
Your Lordſhips will excuſe me. *Exit.*

1 *Lo.* When they agree? alas poor Lady, ſhe
Dotes not upon *Columbo*, when ſhe thinks
Of the young Count *D'Alvarez*, divorc'd from her
By the Kings power.

2 *Lo.* And Counſell of the Cardinal to advance
His Nephew to the Dutcheſs bed; 'tis not well.

1 *Lo.* Take heed, the Cardinal holds intelligence

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With every bird i'th' air.

2 *Lo.* Death on his purple pride,
He governs all, and yet, *Columbo* is
A gallant Gentleman.

1 *Lo.* The darling of the War, whom Victory
Hath often courted; a man of daring
And moſtexalted ſpirit, pride in him
Dwels like an ornament, where ſo much honour
Secures his praiſe.

2 *Lo.* This is no argument
He ſhould uſurp, and wear *Alvarez* title
To the fair Dutcheſs, men of coarſer blood
Would not ſo tamely give this treaſure up.

1 *Lo.* Although *Columbus* name is great in war,
Whoſe glorious art and practice is above
The greatneſs of *Alvarez*, yet he cannot
Want ſoul, in whom alone ſurvives the virtue
Of many noble Anceſtors, being the laſt
Of his great family

2 *Lo.* 'Tis not ſafe, you'l ſay, to wraſtle with the King.

1 *Lo.* More danger if the Cardinal be diſpleas'd,
Who ſits at helm of State; Count *D'Alvarez*
Is wiſer to obey the ſtream, than by
Inſiſting on his privilege to her love,
Put both their fates upon a ſtorm.

2 *Lo.* If Wiſdom, not inborn Fear make him compoſe,
I like it; how does the Dutcheſs bear herſelf?

1 *Lo.* She moves by the rapture of another wheel
That muſt be obey'd, like ſome ſad paſſenger,
That looks upon the coaſt his wiſhes fly to,
But is tranſported by an adverſe wind, ſometimes
A churliſh Pilot

2 *Lo.* She has a ſweet and noble nature.

1 *Lo.* That commends *Alvarez*, *Hymen* cannot tie
A knot of two more equall hearts and blood.

Enter

Enter Alphonſo.

2 *Lo.* *Alphonſo?*

Alph. My good Lord.

1 *Lo.* What great affair
Hath brought you from the confines?

Alp. Such as will
Be worth your counſells, when the King hath read
My Letters from the Governour; the *Arragonians*,
Violating their confederate oath and league,
Are now in arms; they have not yet marcht towards us;
But 'tis not ſafe to expect if we may timely
Prevent Invaſion

2 *Lo.* Dare they be ſo inſolent?

1 *Lo.* This ſtorm I did foreſee.

2 *Lo.* What have they, but the ſweetneſs of the King,
To make a crime?

1 *Lo.* But how appears the Cardinal
At this news?

Alp. Not pale, although
He knows they have no cauſe to think him innocent,
As by whoſe Counſell they were once ſurpriz'd.

1 *Lo.* There is more
Than all our preſent art can fathome in
This ſtory, and I fear I may conclude,
This flame has breath at home to cheriſh it;
Ther's treaſon in ſome hearts, whoſe faces are
Smooth to the State.

Alp. My Lords, I take my leave.

2 *Lo.* Your friends good Captain. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutcheſs, Valeria, Celinda.

Val. Sweet Madam be leſs thoughtfull, this obedience
To paſſion, will deſtroy the nobleſt frame
Of beauty that this Kingdom ever boaſted.

Cel. This ſadneſs might become your other habit,
And ceremonious black for him that died;

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he times of ſorrow are expir'd, and all
he joys that wait upon the Court, your birth,
nd a new *Hymen* that is coming towards you,
nvite a change.

Dut. Ladies, I thank you both,
pray excuſe a little melancholy
hat is behind, my year of mourning hath not
o cleer'd my account with ſorrow, but there may
ome dark thoughts ſtay, with ſad reflections,
pon my heart for him I loſt; even this
ew dreſs, and ſmiling garment, meant to ſhew
peace concluded twixt my grief and me,
s but a ſad remembrance: but I reſolve
o entertain more pleaſing thoughts; and if
ou wiſh me heartily to ſmile, you muſt
ot mention grief, not in advice to leave it;
uch Counſells open but afreſh the wounds
e would cloſe up; and keep alive the cauſe,
hoſe bleeding you would cure; lets talk of ſomething
hat may delight; you two are read in all
he Hiſtories of our Court; tell me *Valeria*,
ho has thy vote for the moſt handſome man?
hus I muſt counterfeit a peace, when all
ithin me is at mutiny.

Val. I have examin'd
ll that are Candidates for the praiſe of Ladies.
ut find— may I ſpeak boldly to your Grace?
nd will you not return it in your mirth,
o make me bluſh?

Dut. No, no; ſpeak freely.

Val. I wo'not rack your patience Madam, but
ere I a Princeſs, I ſhould think Count *D'Alvarez*
ad ſweetneſs to deſerve me from the world.

Dut. Alvarez! ſhee's a ſpy upon my heart.

Val. Hee's young, and active, and compos'd moſt ſweetly.

Dut. I have ſeen a face more tempting.

Val. It

Val. It had then
Too much of woman in't, his eys ſpeak movingly
Which may excuſe his voice, and lead away
All female pride his captive; His hair Black,
Which naturally falling into curl's---
Dut. Prethee no more, thou art in love with him.
The man in your eſteem *Celinda* now?
Cel. Alvarez is (I muſt confeſs) a Gentleman
Of handſome compoſition, but with
His mind (the greater excellence) I think
Another may delight a Lady more,
If man be well conſidered, that's *Columbo*,
Now, Madam, voted to be yours.
Dut. My Torment!
Val. She affects him not.
Cel. He has perſon, and a bravery beyond
All men that I obſerve.
Val. He is a Souldier,
A rough-hewn man, and may ſhew well at diſtance
His talk will fright a Lady; War, and grim-
Fac'd-honor are his Miſtriſſes; he raves
To hear a Lute; Love meant him not his Prieſt.
Again your pardon Madam; we may talk,
But you have art to chooſe and crown affection.
Dut. What is it to be born above theſe Ladies
And want their freedom? they are not conſtrain'd,
Nor ſlav'd by their own greatneſs, or the Kings;
But let their free hearts look abroad, and chooſe
By their own eys to love; I muſt repair
My poor afflicted boſome, and aſſume
The privilege I was born with; which now prompts me
To tell the King he hath no power nor art
To ſteer a Lovers Soul.

Enter Secretary.

What ſays Count *D'Alvares*?

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Sec. Madam hee'l attend you.

Dut. Wait you as I directed, when he comes
Acquaint me privately.

Sec. Madam, I have news,
'Tis now arriv'd the Court, we ſhall have wars.

Dut. I find an Army here of killing thoughts.

Sec. The King has choſen *Don Columbo* General,
Who is immediately to take his leave.

Dut. What flood is let into my heart! how far
Is he to go?

Sec. To *Arragon.*

Dut. That's well
At firſt, he ſhould not want a pilgrimage (him.
To the unknown World, if my thoughts might convey

Sec. Tis not impoſſible he may go thither.

Dut. How?

Sec. To the unknown other World, he goes to fight,
That's in his way, ſuch ſtories are in nature.

Dut. Conceal this news.

Sec. He wo'not be long abſent;
The affair will make him ſwift to kiſs your Graces hand.

Dut. He cannot flie
With too much wing to take his leave; I muſt
Be admitted to your conference; ye have
Enlarg'd my ſpirits, they ſhall droop no more.

Cel. We are happy, if we may advance one thought
To your Graces pleaſure.

Val. Your ey before was in eclipſe, theſe ſmiles
Become you Madam.

Dut. I have not skill to contain my ſelf.

Enter Placentia.

Pla. The Cardinals Nephew, Madam, *Don Columbo.*

Dut. Already? attend him. *Ex. Plac.*

Val. Shall we take our leave?

Dut. He ſhall not know *Valeria* how you prais'd him.

Val. If

Val. If He did, Madam, I ſhould have the confidence
To tell him my free thoughts.

Enter Columbo.

Dut. My Lord, while I'm in ſtudy to requite
The Favour you ha' done me, you increaſe
My debt to ſuch a ſum, ſtill by a new honouring
Your ſervant, I deſpair of my own freedom.

Col. Madam, he kiſſeth your white hand, that muſt
Not ſurfet in this happineſs — and Ladies,
I take your ſmiles for my encouragement:
I have not long to practiſe theſe Court tricks.

Cel. He has been taught to kiſs.

Dut. Ther's ſomething, Sir,
Upon your brow I did not read before.

Col. Does the Character pleaſe you Madam?

Dut. More,
Becauſe it ſpeaks you cheerfull.

Col. 'Tis for ſuch
Acceſs of honour, as muſt make *Columbo*
Worth all your love; the King is pleas'd to think
Me fit to lead his Army. *Dut.* How, an Army?

Col. We muſt not uſe the Prieſt, till I bring home
Another triumph, that now ſtaies for me
To reap it in the purple field of glory.

Dut. But do you mean to leave me, and expoſe
Your ſelf to the devouring war? no enemy
Should Divide us; the King is not ſo cruell.

Col. The King is honourable, and this grace
More anſwers my ambition, than his gift
Of thee, and all thy beauty, which I can
Love, as becomes thy Souldier, and fight *She weeps.*
To come agen, a conqueror of thee;
Then I muſt chide this fondneſſe.

Enter Secretary.

Sec. Madam, the King, and my Lord Cardinal.

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Enter King, Cardinall, and Lords.

King: Madam, I come to call a Servant from you,
And ſtrengthen his excuſe; the publick cauſe
Will plead for your conſent; at his return
Your mariage ſhall receive triumphant ceremonies;
Till then you muſt diſpence.
Card. She appears ſad
To part with him, I like it fairly Nephew.
Val. Is not the General a gallant man?
What Lady would deny him a ſmall courteſie?
Cel. Thou haſt converted me, and I begin
To wiſh it were no ſin.
Val. Leave that to narrow Conſciences.
Cel. You are pleaſant.
Val. But he would pleaſe one better. Do ſuch men
Lie with their Pages?
Cel. Would'ſt thou make a ſhift?
Val. He is going to a bloody buſineſs;
'Tis pity he ſhould dye without ſome heir;
That Lady were hard-hearted now that would
Not help poſterity, for the meer good
O'th' King and Common-wealth.
Cel. Thou art wild, we may be obſerv'd.
Dut. Your will muſt guide me, happineſs and conqueſt
Be ever waiting on his ſword.
Col. Farewell. *Ex. K. Col. Card Lo.*
Dut. Pray give leave to examine a few thoughts;
Expect me in the Garden.
Ladies We attend. *Ex. Ladies.*
Dut. This is above all expectation happy;
Forgive me virtue that I have diſſembled,
And witneſs with me, I have not a thought
To tempt or to betray him, but ſecure
The promiſe I firſt made to love and honour.

Enter

Enter Secretary.

Sec. The Count *D' Alvarez* Madam.

Dut. Admit him,
And let none enterrupt us; how ſhall I
Behave my looks? the guilt of my neglect,
Which had no ſeal from hence, will call up blood
To write upon my cheeks the ſhame and ſtory
In ſome red Letter.

Enter D' Alvarez.

D' Alv. Madam, I preſent
One that was glad to obey your Grace, and come
To know what your commands are.

Dut. Where I once
Did promiſe love, a love that had the Power
And office of a Prieſt to chain my heart
To yours, it were injuſtice to command.

D' Alv. But I can look upon you Madam, as
Becomes a ſervant, with as much humility,
(In tenderneſs of your honor and great fortune,)
Give up, when you call back your bounty, all that
Was mine, as I had pride to think them favours.

Dut. Hath love taught thee no more aſſurance in
Our mutuall vows, thou canſt ſuſpect it poſſible,
I ſhould revoke a promiſe made to heaven
And thee ſo ſoon? this muſt ariſe from ſome
Diſtruſt of thy own Faith.

D' Alv. Your Graces pardon
To ſpeak with freedom, I am not ſo old
In cunning to betray, nor young in time
Not to ſee when, and where I am at loſs,
And how to bear my fortune, and my wounds,
Which if I look for health muſt ſtill bleed inward,
(A hard and deſperate condition;)
I am not ignorant your birth and greatneſs,

Have

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Have plac'd you to grow up with the Kings grace,
And jealouſie, which to remove, his power
Hath choſen a fit object for your beauty
To ſhine upon, *Columbo* his great favorite;
I am a man, on whom but late the King
Has pleas'd to caſt a beam, which was not meant
To make me proud, but wiſely to direct,
And light me to my ſafety. Oh, Dear Madam!
I will not call more witneſs of my love
(If you will let me ſtill give it that name)
Than this, that I dare make my ſelf a loſer,
And to your will give all my bleſſings up;
Preſerve your greatneſs and forget a trifle,
That ſhall at beſt when you have drawn me up,
But hang about you like a cloud, and dim
The glories you are born to.

Dut. Miſery
Of birth and ſtate! that I could ſhift into
A meaner blood, or find ſome art to purge
That part which makes my veins unequall; yet
Thoſe nice diſtinctions have no place in us,
Ther's but a ſhadow difference, a title,
Thy ſtock partakes as much of noble ſap
As that which feeds the root of Kings, and he
That writes a Lord, hath all the eſſence of
Nobility.

D'Alv. 'Tis not a name that makes
Our ſeparation, the Kings diſpleaſure
Hangs a portent to fright us, and the matter
That feeds this exhalation is the Cardinals
Plot to advance his Nephew; then *Columbo*,
A man made up for ſome prodigious Act,
Is fit to be conſidered; in all three
There is no character you fix upon
But has a form of ruine to us both.

Dut. Then you do look on theſe with fear.

D'Alv.

D'Alv. With eys
That ſhould think tears a duty to lament
Your leaſt unkind fate; but my youth dares boldly
Meet all the tyranny o'th' ſtars, whoſe black
Malevolence but ſhoot my ſingle tragedy;
You are above the value of many worlds
Peopled with ſuch as I am.

Dur. What if *Columbo*
Engag'd to war, in his hot thirſt of honor,
Find out the Way to death?

D'Alv Tis poſſible.

Dur. Or ſay, no matter by what art or motive
He gives his title up, and leave me to
My own Election?

D'Alv. If I then be happy
To have a name within your thought, there can
Be nothing left to crown me with New bleſſing;
But I dream thus of heaven, and wake to find
My amorous ſoul a mockery; when the Prieſt
Shall tie you to another, and the joys
Of mariage leave no thought at leaſure to
Look back upon *Alvarez*, that muſt wither
For loſs of you, yet then I cannot loſe
So much of what I was, once in your favour,
But in a ſigh pray ſtill you may live happy. *Exit.*

Dur. My Heart is in a miſt, ſome good ſtar ſmile
Upon my reſolution, and direct
Two lovers in their chaſt embrace to meet;
Columbo's bed contains my winding ſheet. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter General Columbo, Hernando, two Colonels, Alphonſo, two Captains, and other Officers, As at a Councell of War.

Columbo.

I See no face in all this Councell, that
Hath one pale fear upon't though we arriv'd not
So timely to ſecure the Town, which gives
Our enemy ſuch triumph.
1 Colo. 'Twas betraid
Alp. The wealth of that one City
Will make the enemy glorious.
1 Colo. They dare not plunder it.
Alp. They give fair quarter yet,
They only ſeal up mens Eſtates, and keep
Poſſeſſion for the Cities uſe, they take up
No wares without ſecurity, and he
Whoſe ſingle credit will not paſs, puts in
Two leane comrades, upon whoſe bonds tis not
Religion to deny 'em.
Colu. To repair this
With honour Gentlemen?
Her. My opinion is
To expect a while.
Colu. Your reaſon?
Her. Till their own
Surfet betray 'em, for their Souldier
Bred up with coarſe and common bread, will ſhew
Such appetites on the rich cates they find,
They will ſpare our ſwords a victory, when their own
Riot and Luxury deſtroys 'em.
1 Colo. That

Will

Will ſhew our patience too like a fear.
With favour of his excellence I think,
The ſpoil of Cities takes not off the courage,
But doubles it on Souldiers; beſides,
While we have tameneſs to expect, the noiſe
Of their ſucceſs and plenty will encreaſe
Their Army.

Her. 'Tis conſiderable, we do not
Exceed in Foot or Horſe, our Muſter not
'Bove ſixteen thouſand both; and the Infantry
Raw, and not diſciplin'd to act.

Alp. Their hearts,
But with a brave thought of their Countries honour,
Will teach 'em how to fight, had they not ſeen
A Sword; but we decline our own too much,
The men are forward in their arms, and take
The uſe with Avarice of Fame. [*They riſe and talk*

Colu. Colonell. [*privately.*
I do ſuſpect you are a coward.

Her. Sir.

Colu. Or elſe a traytor, take your choice, no more,
I calld you to a Councell Sir, of war,
Yet keep your place.

Her. I have worn other names.

Colu. Deſerve 'em, ſuch
Another were enough to unſoul an Army;
Ignobly talk of patience till they drink
And reel to death? we came to fight and force 'em
To mend their pace; thou haſt no honour in thee,
Not enough noble blood to make a bluſh
For thy tame Eloquence.

Her. My Lord, I know
My duty to a Generall, yet there are
Some that have known me here; Sir, I deſire
To quit my regiment.

Colu. You ſhall have licence. Ink and paper---

Enter

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Enter with Paper and Standish.

1 *Col.* The General's displeas'd.

2 *Colo.* How is't *Hernando*?

Her. The Generall has found out employment for me, He is writing Letters back.

Al Cap. To his Mistress.

Her. Pray do not trouble me, yet prethee speak, And flatter not thy friend, dost think I dare Not draw my sword, and use it, when 'cause With honour calls to action?

Al. Colo. With the most valiant man alive.

Her. You'l do me some displeasure in your loves, Pray to your places.

Colu. So,
Bear those Letters to the King,
It speaks my resolution before
Another Sun decline to charge the enemy.

Her. A pretty Court way
Of di missing an Officer, I obey; success
Attend your Counsells. *Exit.*

Colu. If here be any dare not look on danger,
And meet it like a man with scorn of death,
I beg his absence, and a cowards fear
Consume him to a ghost.

1 *Colo.* None such here.

Colu. Or if in all your Regiments you find
One man that does not ask to bleed with honour;
Give him a double pay to leave the Army;
Ther's service to be done, will call the spirits
And aid of Men.

1 *Colo.* You give us all new flame.

Colu. I am confirm'd, and you must lose no time;
The Souldier that was took last night, to me
Discover'd their whole strength, and that we have
A party in the town; the River that

Opens

Opens the City to the Weſt unguarded;
We muſt this night uſe art and reſolutions,
We cannot fall inglorioufly.
1 *Capt.* That voice is every mans.

Enter Souldier, and Secretary With a Letter.

Colu. What now?
Soul. Letters.
Colu. Whence?
Soul. From the Dutcheſs.
Colu. They are welcome;
Meet at my Tent again this evening; yet ſtay,
Some Wine — The Dutcheſs health—
See it go round.
Sec. It wo'not pleaſe his Excellence.
1 *Colo.* The Dutcheſs health.
2 *Cap.* To me! more wine.
Sec. The Clouds are gathering, and his eys ſhoot fire;
Obſerve what thunder follows.
2 *Cap.* The Generall has but ill news, I ſuſpect
The Dutcheſs ſick, or elſe the King.
1 *Cap.* May be the Cardinal.
2 *Cap.* His ſoul has long been look'd for.
Colu. She dares not be ſo inſolent! it is
The Dutcheſs hand; how am I ſhrunk in Fame
To be thus plaid withall? ſhe writes, and counſels,
Under my hand to ſend her back a free
Reſigne of all my intereſt to her perſon,
Promiſe, or love; that ther's no other way
With ſafety of my honour to reviſit her.
The woman is poſſeſt with ſome bold Devil,
And wants an exorciſm; or I am grown
A cheap, dull, phlegmatick fool, a Poſt that's carv'd
I'th' common ſtreet, and holding out my forehead
To every ſcurrill wit to pin diſgrace
And libells on't; did you bring this to me Sir?

My

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My thanks ſhall warm your heart. [Draws a
Sec. Hold, hold, my Lord. [Piſtoll.
I know not what provokes this tempeſt, but
Her Grace ne'r ſhew'd more freedom from a ſtorm
When I receiv'd this paper; if you have
A will to do an execution,
Your looks without that engin, Sir, may ſerve.
I did not like the employment.
Colu. Ha, had ſhe
No ſymptome in her eye, or face, of anger
When ſhe gave this in charge?
Sec. *Serene*, as I
Have ſeen the morning riſe upon the ſpring,
No trouble in her breath, but ſuch a wind
As came to kiſs and fan the ſmiling flowers.
Colu. No Poetry.
Sec. By all the truth in proſe,
By honeſty, and your own honour Sir,
I never ſaw her look more calm, and gentle.
Colu. I am too paſſionate, you muſt forgive me;
I have found it out, the Dutcheſs loves me dearly,
She expreſt a trouble in her when I took
My leave, and chid me with a ſullen ey;
'Tis a device to haſten my return;
Love has a thouſand arts; I'l anſwer it,
Beyond her expectation, and put
Her ſoul to a noble teſt; your patience Gentlemen;
The Kings health will deſerve a ſacrifice of Wine.
Sec. I am glad to ſee this change, and thank my wit
For my redemption. [Maſter.
1 *Col.* Sir, The Souldiers curſe on him loves not our
2 *Col.* And they curſe loud enough to be heard.
2 *Cap.* Their curſe has the nature of Gunpowder.
Sec. They do not pray with half the noiſe.
1 *Col* Our Generall is not well mixt,
He has too great a portion of fire.

2 *Colo.* His

2 *Col.* His Mistris cool him, her complexion
Carries some phlegm, when they two meet in bed?
2 *Cap.* A third may follow.
1 *Cap.* 'Tis much pity.
The young Duke liv'd not to take the virgin off.
1 *Col.* 'Twas the Kings act to match two Rabbet fuckers.
2 *Col.* A common trick of State,
The little great man marries, travells then
Till both grow up; and dies when he should do
The feat; these things are still unlucky
On the male side.
Colu. This to the Dutchess fair hand.
Sec. She will think
Time hath no wing till I return.
Colu. Gentlemen,
Now each man to his quarter, and encourage
The Souldier; I shall take a pride to know
Your diligence, when I visit all your
Severall commands.
Omnes. We shall expect,
2 *Col.* And move by your directions.
Colu. Y'are all noble. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cardinal, Dutchess, Placentia.

Card. I shall perform a visit dayly, Madam,
In th' absence of my Nephew, and be happy
If you accept my care.
Dut. You have honour'd me,
And if your entertainment have not been
Worthy your Graces person, 'tis because
Nothing can reach it in my power; but where
There is no want of zeal, other defect
Is only a fault to exercise your mercy.
Card. You are bounteous in all; I take my leave;
My fair Neece, shortly, when *Columbo* has
Purchas'd more honours to prefer his name,

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And value to your noble thoughts; mean time
Be confident you have a friend, whose Office,
And favour with the King, shall be effectuall
To serve your Grace.
Dut. Your own good deeds reward you,
Till mine rise equall to deserve their benefit.
Exit Cardinal.
Leave me a while. *Exit Placen.*
Do not I walk upon the teeth of serpents;
And, as I had a charm against their poyson,
Play with their stings, the Cardinal is subtle?
Whom tis not wisdom to incense, till I
Hear to what destinie *Columbo* leaves me;
May be the greatness of his soul will scorn
To own what comes with murmur, If he can
Interpret me so happily; art come?

Enter Secretary with a Letter.

Sec. His Excellence salutes your Grace.
Dut. Thou hast
A malencholy brow; how did he take my Letter?
Sec. As he would take a blow, with so much sense
Of anger, his whole soul boild in his face,
And such prodigious flame in both his eys
As they'd been th' only seat of fire; and at
Each look a *Salamander* leaping forth,
Not able to endure the Furnace.
Dut. Ha! thou dost
Describe him with some horror.
Sec. Soon as he
Had read again, and understood your meaning,
His rage had shot me with a pistoll, had not
I us'd some soft, and penitentiall language,
To charm the Bullet.
Dut. Wait at some more distance;
My soul doth bath it self in a cold dew;

Im-

Imagin, I am opening of a Tomb,
Thus I throw off the Marble to diſcover,
What antick poſture death preſents in this
Pale monument to fright me--- *Reads.*
Ha? my heart that call'd my blood and ſpirits, to
Defend it from the invaſion of my fears,
Muſt keep a guard about it ſtill, leſt this
Strange and too mighty joy cruſh it to nothing.
Antonio.
Sec. Madam.
Duc. Bid my Steward give thee
Two thouſand Ducates; art ſure I am awake?
Sec. I ſhall be able to reſolve you, Madam,
When he has paid the money.
Duc. Columbo now is noble. *Exit. Duc.*
Sec. This is better than I expected, if my Lady be
Not mad, and live to juſtifie her bounty. *Exit.*

Enter King, Alvarez, Hernando, Lords.

King. The War is left to him. but we muſt have
You reconcil'd, if that be all your difference.
His rage flows like a torrent, when he meets
With oppoſition, leave to wraſtle with him,
And his hot blood retreats into a calm,
And then he chides his paſſion; you ſhall back
With letters ſtom us.
Her. Your Commands, are not
To be diſputed.
Kin. Alvarez.
1 *Lo.* Loſe not
Your ſelf by cool ſubmiſſion, he will find
His error, and the want of ſuch a Souldier.
2 *Lo.* Have you ſeen the Cardinal?
Her. Not yet.
1 *Lo.* He wants no plot---
Her. The King I muſt obey;

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But let the purple Gownman place his engins
I'th' dark that wounds me.
2 Lo. Be assur'd
Of what we can to friend you, and the King
Cannot forget your service.
Her. I am sorry
For that poor Gentleman.
Alvar. I must confess, Sir,
The Dutchess has been pleas'd to think me worthy
Her favours, and in that degree of honour,
That has oblig'd my life to make the best
Return of service, which is not, with bold
Affiance in her love, to interpose
Against her happiness, and your election;
I love so much her honour, I have quitted
All my desires, yet would not shrink to bleed
Out my warm stock of life, so the last drop
Might benefit her wishes.
Ki. I shall find
A compensation for this act, *Alvarez*,
It hath much pleased us.

Enter Dutchess with a Letter, Gentleman-Vsher.

Dut. Sir, you are the King,
And in that sacred title it were sin
To doubt a justice, all that does concern
My essence in this world, and a great part
Of the other bliss, lives in you breath.
Ki. What intends the Dutchess?
Dut. That will instruct you, Sir, *Columbo* has
Upon some better choice, or discontent,
Set my poor soul at freedom.
Ki. 'Tis his character--- *Reads,*
Madam, I easily discharge all my pretensions
To your love, and person, I leave you to your

Own

Own choice, and in what you have obliged
Your ſelf to me, reſume a power to cancell
If you pleaſe. *Columbo.*

This is ſtrange.

Dut. Now do an act to make
Your Chronicle belov'd and read for ever.

Ki. Expreſs your ſelf.

Dut. Since by Divine infuſion,
For tis no art could force the Generall to
This Change, ſecond this juſtice and beſtow
The heart you would have given from me, by
Your ſtrict commands to love *Colnmbo*, where
'Twas meant by heaven, and let your breath return
Whom you divorc'd, *Alvarez*, mine.

Lords. This is but juſtice, Sir.

Ki. It was decreed above,
And ſince *Colnmbo* has releas'd his intereſt
Which we had wrought him, not without ſome force
Upon your will I give you your own wiſhes,
Receive your own *Alvarez*, when you pleaſe
To celebrate your Nuptial, I invite
My ſelf your gueſt.

Dut. Eternall bleſſiings Crown you.

Omnes. And every joy your Mariage [*Exit King, who*
[*meets the Cardinal, they confer.*

Alvar. I know not whether I ſhall wonder moſt
Or joy to meet this happineſs.

Dut. Now the King hath planted us
Methinks we grow already, and twiſt our loving ſouls
Above the wrath of thunder to divide us.

Alv. Ha? The Cardinal
Has met the King, I do not like this conference;
He looks with anger this way, I expect
A tempeſt.

Dut. Take no notice of his preſence,
Leave me to meet, and anſwer it, if the King

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Be firm in's Royall word, I fear no lightning;
Expect me in the Garden.
Alv. I obey,
But fear a ſhipwrack on the coaſt. *Exit.*
Card. Madam.
Dut. My Lord.
Car. The King ſpeaks of a Letter that has brought
A riddle in't.
Dut. Tis eaſy to interpret.
Car. From my Nephew? may I deſerve the favour?
Dut. He looks as though his eys would fire the paper.
They are a pair of Burning glaſſes, and
His envious blood doth give 'em flame.
Car. What lethargy could thus unſpirit him?
I am all wonder; do not believe Madam,
But that *Columbo's* love is yet more Sacred,
To honour, and your ſelf, than thus to forfeit
What I have heard him call the glorious wreath
To all his merits, given him by the King,
From whom he took you with more pride than ever
He came from victory; his kiſſes hang
Yet panting on your lips, and he but now
Exchang'd religious farewell to return,
But with more triumph to be yours.
Dut. My Lord,
You do believe your Nephews hand was not
Surpriz'd or ſtrain'd to this? (dark,
Car. Strange arts and windings in the world, moſt
And ſubtill progreſſes; who brought this Letter?
Dut. I enquir'd not his name, I thought it not
Conſiderable to take ſuch narrow knowledge.
Car. Deſert, and honour urg'd it here, nor can
I blame you to be angry, yet his perſon
Oblig'd, you ſhould have given a nobler pauſe,
Before you made your faith and change ſo violent
From his known worth, into the arms of one,

How

How ever fashioned to your amorous wish,
Not equall to his cheapest fame, with all
The gloss of blood and merit.
Dut. This comparison,
My good Lord Cardinal, I cannot think,
Flows from an even justice, it betrayes
You partiall where your blood runs.
Car. I fear Madam,
Your own takes two much licence, and will soon,
Fall to the censure of unruly tongues;
Because *Alvarez* has a softer cheek,
Can like a woman trim his wanton hair,
Spend half a day with looking in the glass
To find a posture to present himself,
And bring more effeminacy than man,
Or honour to your bed; must he supplant him?
Take heed, the common murmur when it catches
The sent of a lost Fame--
Dut. My Fame Lord Cardinal?
It stands upon an innocence as clear
As the devotions you pay to heaven,
I shall not urge my Lord your soft indulgence
At my next shrift.
Car. You are a fine Court Lady.
Dut. And you should be a reverend Churchman.
Car. One, that if you have not thrown off modesty.
Would counsell you to leave *Alvarez*.
Dut. Cause you dare do worse
Than Mariage, must not I be admitted what
The Church and Law allowes me?
Car. Insolent? then you dare marry him?
Dut. Dare? Let your contracted flame and malice, with *Columbo's* rage higher than that, meet us
When we approach the holy place, clasp'd hand
In hand, wee'l break through all your force and fix
Our sacred vows together there.

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Car. I knew
When with as chaſt a brow you promis'd fair
To another; you are no diſſembling Lady.
Dut. Would all your actions had no falſer lights
About 'em.
Car. Ha?
Dut. The people would not talk and curſe ſo loud.
Car. I'l have you chid into a bluſh for this.
Dut. Begin at home great man, ther's cauſe enough,
You turn the wrong end of the perſpective
Upon your crimes, to drive them to a far,
And leſſer ſight, but let your eys look right
What giants would your pride and ſurfeit ſeem?
How groſs your avarice, eating up whole families?
How vaſt are your corruptions and abuſe
Of the Kings ear? at which you hang a pendent,
Not to adorn, but ulcerate, while the honeſt
Nobility, like pictures in the Arras,
Serve only for Court-Ornament; if they ſpeak,
'Tis when you ſet their tongues, which you wind up,
Like clocks to ſtrike at the juſt hour you pleaſe;
Leave, leave, my Lord, theſe uſurpations,
And be what you were meant, a man to cure,
Not let in Agues to Religion;
Look on the Churches wounds.
Car. You dare preſume
In your rude ſpleen to me, to abuſe the Church?
Dut. Alas you give falſe aym, my Lord, 'tis your
Ambition and Scarlet Sins that tob
Her Altar of the glory, and leave wounds
Upon her brow; which fetches grief, and paleneſs,
Into her cheeks; Making her troubled boſome
Pant with her groanes, and ſhroud her holy bluſhes
Within your reverend purples.
Car. Will you now take breath?
Dut. In hope, my Lord, you will behold your ſelf

In

In a true glaſs, and ſee thoſe injuſt acts
That ſo deform you, and by timely cure,
Prevent a ſhame before the ſhort haird men
Do croud and call for juſtice. I take leave. *Exit.*

Car. This woman has a ſpirit, that may riſe
To tame the Devils, ther's no dealing with
Her angry tongue, 'tis action and revenge
Muſt calm her fury; were *Columbo* here,
I could reſolve, but Letters ſhall be ſent
To th' Army which may wake him into ſenſe
Of his raſh folly, or direct his ſpirit
Some way to ſnatch his honour from this flame,
All great men know, *The ſoul of life is fame.* *Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter Valeria, Celinda.

Valeria.

I Did not think *Celinda* when I prais'd
Alvarez to the Dutcheſs, that things thus
Would come about, what does your Ladiſhip
Think of *Columbo* now? it ſtaggers all
The Court, he ſhould forſake his Miſtreſs, I
Am loſt with wonder yet.

Celind. 'Tis very ſtrange
Without a ſpel; but ther's a fate in love,
I like him ne'r the worſe.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lo.* Nothing but mariages, and triumph now.

Val. What new acceſs of joy, makes you my Lord,
So pleaſant?

1 *Lo.* Ther's a Packet come to Court.

Makes

Makes the King merry, we are all concernd in't?
Columbo hath given the enemy a great,
And glorious defeat, and is already
Preparing to march home.
Cel. He thriv'd the better for my prayers.
2 *Lo.* You have been his great admirer, Madam.
1 *Lo.* The King longs to see him.
Val. This news exalts the Cardinal.

Enter Cardinal.

1 *Lo.* He's here,
He appears with discontent, the Mariage
With Count *D'Alvarez* hath a bitter tast,
And not worn off his palat; but let us leave him.
Ladies. We'l to the Dutchess. *Exeunt. manet Car.*
Card. He has not woon so much upon the *Arragon*
As he has lost at home, and his neglect
Of what my studies had contriv'd to adde
More luster to our Family by the access
Of the great Dutchess fortune, cools his triumph,
And makes me wild.

Enter Hernando.

Her. My good Lord Cardinal. (neral.
Car. You made complaint to th' King about your Ge-
Her. Not a complaint my Lord, I did but satisfie
Some questions o'the Kings.
Car. You see he thrives
Without your personal valour, or advice,
Most grave and learne d in the wars.
Her. My Lord,
I Envy not his fortune.
Car. 'Tis above
Your Malice, and your noise not worth his anger,
'Tis barking gainst the moon.
Her. More temper would

Become

Become that habit.

Car. The Military thing would ſhew ſome ſpleen;
I'l blow an Army of ſuch Waſps about
The world; go look your ſting you left i'th' Camp, Sir.

Enter King, and Lords.

Her. The King. *Exit.*
This may be one day counted for.

K. All things conſpire my Lord to make you fortunate,
Your Nephews glory --

Car. 'Twas your cauſe and juſtice
Made him victorious, had he been ſo valiant
At home, he had had another conqueſt to
Invite and bid her welcome to new wars.

K. You muſt be reconcil'd to providence, my Lord;
I heard you had a controvercy with
The Dutcheſs, I will have you friends.

Car. I am not Angry.

K. For my ſake then you ſhall be pleas'd,
And with me grace the Mariage;
A Churchman muſt ſhew Charity, and ſhine
With firſt example, ſhe's a woman.

Car. You ſhall preſcribe in all things; Sir, you cannot
Accuſe my love, if I ſtill wiſh my Nephew
Had been ſo happy to be conſtant to
Your own, and my election; yet my brain
Cannot reach how this comes about; I know
My Nephew lov'd her with a near affection.

Enter Hernando.

K. He'l give you fair account at his return.
Colonel, your Letters may be ſpar'd, the General
Has finiſh'd, and is coming home.

Her. I am glad on't, ſir; my good Lord Cardinal
'Tis not impoſſible but ſome man provok'd,
May have a precious mind to cut your throat.

Car. You

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Car. You shall command me Noble Colonel;
I know you wo'not fail to be at th'wedding.
Her. 'Tis not *Columbo* that is maried Sir.
Car. Go teach the postures of the Pike and Musket;
Then dril your *Mirmidons* into a ditch,
Where sterve, and stink in pickle, you shall find
Me reasonable, you see the King expects me.
Her. So does the Devill; some desperate hand
May help you on your journey. *Exeunt.*

Enter Secretary and Servants.

Sec. Here this, I this will fit your part: you shall wear Slashes, because you are a Souldier; here's for the blue mute.

1 This doublet will never fit me, Pox ont', are these Breeches good enough for a Prince too? *Pedro* playes but a Lord, and he has two laces more in a seam.

Sec. You must consider *Pedro* is a foolish Lord, he may wear what lace he please.

2 Does my beard fit my cloathes well Gentlemen?

Sec Pox o'your beard.

3 That will fright away the hair.

1 This fellow plays but a mute, & he is so troublesome, and talks.

3 Mr. Secretary might have let *Iaques* play the soldier, He has a black patch already.

2 By your favour Mr. Secretary, I was ask'd who writ this play for us.

Sec. For u? why art thou any more than a blew mute?

2 And by my troth, I said, I thought it was all your own.

Sec. Away you Coxcomb.

4 Do'st think he has no more wit then to write a Comedy? my Ladies Chaplain made the Play, though he is content for the honour and tronble of the busines, to be seen in't.

Enter

Enter 5th. *Servant.*

5 Did any body ſee my head Gentlemen 'twas here but now? I ſhall have never a head to play my part in.

Ser. Is thy head gone? 'tis well thy part was not in't, Look, look about, has not *Iaques* it?

4 His head? two'not come on upon my ſhoulders.

Ser. Make haſt Gentlemen I'l ſee whether the King has ſup'd; Look every man to his wardrop and his part.

Exit.

2 Is he gone? in my mind a maſque had been fitter for a mariage.

4 Why mute? there was no time for't, and the ſcenes Are troubleſome.

2 Half a ſcore Deal tack'd together in the clouds, what's that? a Throne to come down and dance; all the properties have been paid forty times over, and are in the Court ſtock, but the Secretary muſt have a play to ſhew his wit.

4 Did not I tell thee twas the Chaplains? hold your tongue Mute.

1 Under the Roſe and would this cloth of Silver doublet might never come off agen, if there be any more plot then you ſee in the back of my hand.

2 You talk of a plot, I'l not give this for the beſt Poets plot in the world and if it be not well carryed.

4 Well ſaid Mute.

3 Ha, ha; *Pedro* ſince he put on his doublet, has repeated but three lines, and he has broke five buttons.

2 I know not but by this falſe beard, and here's hair enough to hang a reaſonable honeſt man, I do not remember to ſay a ſtrong line indeed in the whole Comedy; but when the Chambermaid kiſſes the Captain.

3 Excellent mute.

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Enter another Servant.

5 They have almoſt ſup'd, and I cannot find my head yet.

4 play in thine own.

5 Thank you for that, ſo I may have it made a property, if I have not a head found me, let Mr. Secretary play my part himſelf without it.

Enter Secretary.

Sec. Are you all ready my Maſters? the King is coming through the Gallery, are the women dreſt?

1 *Rogero* wants a head.

Sec. Here with a pox to you, take mine, you a player? You a puppy-dog is the Muſick ready?

Enter Gentleman-Uſher.

Gent. Gentlemen, it is my Ladies pleaſure that you expect till ſhe call for you, there are a company of Cavaliers in gallant Equipage newly alighted, have offer'd to preſent their Revels in honour of this *Hymen*; and 'tis her Graces command, that you be ſilent till their Entertainment be over.

1 Gentlemen?

2 Affronted?

5 Mr. Secretary, ther's your head again; a man's a man; have I broken my ſleep to ſtudy fifteen lines for an Ambaſſador, and after that a Conſtable, and is it come to this?

Sec. Patience Gentlemen, be not ſo hot, tis but defer'd, and the play may do well enough cold.

4 If it be not preſented, the Chaplain will have the greateſt loſs, he loſes his wits. *Hoboies.*

Sec. This Muſick ſpeaks the King upon entrance; retire, retire, and grumble not. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter King, Cardinal, Alvarez, Dutchess, Celinda, Valeria, Placentia, Lords, Hernando; (they being set) Enter Columbo, and five more in rich habits Visarded; between every two a torch bearer: They Dance, and after beckon to Alvarez as desirous to speak with him.

Alv. With me! [*They Embrace and whisper.*

K. Do you know the Masquers Madam?

Dut. Not I Sir.

Car. Ther's one, but that my Nephew is abroad,
And has more soul than thus to Jyg upon
Their *Hymenrall* night, I should suspect
'Twere he. [*The masquers lead in Alvarez.*

Dut. Wher's my Lord D^a *Alvarez*? [*Recorders.*

K. Call in the Bridegroom.

Enter Columbo, four Masquers, bring in Alvarez dead, in one of their habits, and having laid him down, Exeunt.

Dut. What Mistery is this?

Car. We want the Bridegroom still.

K. Where is *Alvarez* [*Columbo points to*

Dut. Oh 'tis my Lord hee's murder'd. [*the body, they unvizard it, & find*

K. Who durst commit this horrid act? [*Alvar. bleeding.*

Col. I Sir.

K. Columbo? ha!

Col. Yes; *Columbo* that dares stay
To justifie that act.

Her. Most barbarous.

Dut. Oh my deareſt Lord!

K. Our guard seize on them all, this sight doth shake
All that is man within me; poor *Alvarez*
Is this thy wedding day? *Enter Guard.*

Dut. If you do think there is a heaven or pains,
To punish such black crimes i'th' other world,

Let

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Let me have swift, and such exemplar justice
As shall become this great assassinate,
You will take off our faith else, and if here
Such innocence must bleed, and you look on,
Poor men that call you Gods on earth, will doubt
To obey your Laws, nay practise to be Devils,
As fearing if such monstrous sins go on
The Saints will not be safe in Heaven.

K. You shall,
You shall have justice.

Car. Now to come off were brave.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Masquers, Sir, are fled, their horse prepar'd
At gate expected to receive 'em, where
They quickly mounted, coming so like friends
None could suspect their hast, which is secur'd
By advantage of the night.

Col. I answer for 'em all, 'tis stake enough
For many lives, but if that poniard
Had voice, it would convince they were but all
Spectators of my act; and now if you
Will give your judgments leave, though at the first
Face of this object your cool bloods were frighted,
I can excuse this deed and call it Justice;
An act, your honours, and your office Sir,
Is bound to build a Law upon, for others
To Imitate; I have but took his life,
And punish'd her with mercy, who had both
Conspir'd to kill the soul of all my fame
Read there,---and read an injury as deep
In my dishpnour, as the Devill knew
A Woman had capacity or malice
To execute read there, how you were cozen'd Sir,
Your power affronted, and my faith, her smiles
A jugling witchcraft to betray and make
My love her horse to stalk withall, and catch
Her curled Minion.

Car. Is

Car. Is it poſſible
The Dutcheſs could diſſemble ſo, and forfeit
Her modeſty with you, and to us all?
Yet I muſt pity her; my Nephew has
Been too ſevere, though this affront would call
A dying man from prayers, and turn him Tiger,
There being nothing dearer than our fame,
Which, If a common man, whoſe blood has no
Ingredient of honour, labour to
Preſerve, a Souldier (by his neareſt tye
To glory) is above all others, bound
To vindicate; and yet it might have been leſs bloody.
Her. Charitable Devill!

K. Reads. *I Pray, my Lord, releaſe under your hand, what you dare challenge in my love or perſon, as a juſt forfeit to my ſelf, this act will ſpeak you honorable to my thoughts, and when you have conquered thus your ſelf, you may proceed to many victories, and after, with ſafety of your fame viſit again*

The loſt *Roſaura.*

To this your Anſwer was a free reſign?
Col. Flatter'd with great opinion of her faith,
And my deſert of her (with thought that ſhe,
Who ſeem'd to weep and chide my eaſie will
To part with her, could not be guilty of
A treaſon, or Apoſtacy ſo ſoon,
But rather meant this a device to make
Me expedite the affairs of War) I ſent
That paper, which her wickedneſs not juſtice,
Applied (what I meant tryall) her divorce;
I lov'd her ſo, I dare call heaven to witneſs
I knew not whether I lov'd moſt; while ſhe,
With him, whoſe crimſon penitence I provok'd,
Conſpir'd my everlaſting infamy;
Examine but the circumſtance.

Car. 'Tis clear,
This Match was made at home before she sent
That cunning writ, in hope to take him off,
As knowing his impatient Soul would scorn
To own a blessing came on crutches to him;
It was not well to raise his expectation,
(Had you, Sir, no affront) to ruine him
With so much scandall and contempt.
K. We have
Too plentifull a circumstance to accuse
You Madam, as the cause of your own sorrows,
But not without an accessary, more
Than young *Alvarez.*
Car. Any other instrument?
K. Yes I am guilty, with her self, and *Don Columbo*, though our acts look'd severall waies,
That thought a lover might so soon be ransom'd;
And did exceed the office of a King
To exercise dominion over hearts,
That owe to the prerogative of heaven
Their choice, or Separation; you must therefore,
When you do kneel for Justice, and Revenge,
Madam, consider me a laterall agent
In poor *Alvarez* Tragedy.
1 *Lo.* It was your love to *Don Columbo* Sir:
Her. So, so; the King is charm'd; do you observe,
How to acquit *Columbo*, he would draw
Himself into the plot; Heaven, is this Justice?
Car. Your Judgment is divine in this.
K. And yet,
Columbo cannot be secure, and we
Just in his pardon, that durst make so great,
And insolent a breach of Law and Duty.
2 *Lo.* Ha, Will he turn agen?
K. And should we leave
This guilt of blood to Heaven, which cries, and strikes,

With

With loud appeals the palace of eternity,
Yet here is more to charge *Columbo*, than
Alvarez blood, and bids me punish it,
Or be no King.
Her. 'Tis come about my Lords.
K. And If I should forgive
His timeless death, I cannot the offence,
That with such boldness struck at me. Has my
Indulgence to your merits which are great
Made me so cheap, your rage could meet no time
Nor place for your revenge, but where my eys
Must be affrighted, and affronted with
The bloody execution? This contempt
Of Majesty trar scends my power to pardon,
And you shall feel my anger Sir.
Her. Thou shalt have one short prayer more for that.
Col. Have I i'th' progress of my life
No actions to plead me up deserving,
Against this ceremony?
Car. Contain your self.
Col. I must be dumb then; where is honour?
And gratitude of Kings, when they forget
Whose hand secur'd their greatness? take my head off,
Examine then which of your silken Lords,
As I have done, will throw himself on dangers;
Like to a floting Iland move in blood;
And where your great defence calls him to stand
A Bullwark, upon his bold brest to take
In death, that you may live: but Souldiers are
Your valiant fools, whom when your own securities
Are bleeding you can cherish, but when once
Your state and nerves are knit, not thinking when
To use their surgery again, you cast
Them off, and let them hang in dusty armories,
Or make it death to ask for pay.
K. No more,

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We thought to have put your victory and merits
In ballance with *Alvarez* death, which while
Our mercy was to Iudge, had been your safety;
But the affront to us, made greater by
This boldnes to upbraid our royall bounty,
Shall tame or make you nothing.

Lor. Excellent.

Her. The Cardinal is not pleas'd.

Car. Humble your self
To th' King.

Col. And beg my life? let cowards do't
That dare not dy, I'l rather have no head
Than owe it to his Charity.

K. To th' Castle with him.
Madam, I leave you to your grief, and what
The King can recompence to your tears, or honor
Of your dead Lord, expect.

Dut. This shews like Iustice. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter two Lords, Hernando.

1 *Lord.*

THis is the age of wonders.

2 *Lo.* Wonderous mischiefs.

Her. Among those guards which some call Tutelar (Angels,
Whose office is to govern Provinces,
Is there not one will undertake *Navarre*?
Hath heaven forsook us quite?

1 *Columbo* at large?

2 And grac'd now more than ever.

1 He was not pardon'd,
That word was prejudiciall to his fame.

Her. But

Her. But as the murder done had been a dream
Vaniſh'd to memory, he's courted as
Preſerver of his Country; with what chains
Of Magick does this Cardinal hold the King?

2 What will you ſay my Lord if they inchant
The Dutcheſs now; and by ſome impudent art,
Advance a Mariage to *Columbo* yet?

Her. Say? I'l ſay no woman can be ſav'd, nor is't
Fit, indeed, any ſhould pretend to Heaven
After one ſuch impiety in their ſex,
And yet my faith has been ſo ſtager'd, ſince
The King reſtor'd *Columbo*, I'l be now
Of no Religion.

1 'Tis not poſſible
She can forgive the murder, I obſerv'd
Her tears.

Her. Why ſo did I, my Lord;
And if they be not honeſt, 'tis to be
Half damn'd to look upon a woman weeping.
When do you think the Cardinal ſaid his prayers?

2 I know not.

Her. Heaven forgive my want of charity
But if I were to kill him, he ſhould have
No time to pray, his life could be no ſacrifice,
Unleſs his ſoul went too.

1 That were too much.

Her. When you mean to diſpatch him, you may give
Time for Confeſſion, they have injur'd me
After another rate.

2 You are too paſſionate Cozen.

Enter Columbo, Colonels, Alfonſo, Courtiers; (they paſs over the Stage.)

Her. How the gay men do flutter to congratulate
His Goal delivery? ther's one honeſt man,
What pity 'tis a gallant fellow ſhould

Depend on knaves for his preferment.
1 Except this cruelty upon *Alvarez*,
Columbo has no mighty ſtain upon him;
But for his Uncle——
Her. If I had a Son
Of twelve years old, that would not fight with him,
And ſtake his ſoul againſt his Cardinals Cap,
I would diſ-inherit him; Time has took a leaſe
But for three lives I hope, a fourth may ſee
Honeſty walk without a crutch.
2 This is
But Air and Wildneſs.
Her. I'l ſee the Dutcheſs,
You may do well to comfort her,
1 We muſt attend the King.
Her. your pleaſures. *Exit Her.*

Enter King and Cardinal.

1 A Man of a brave ſoul.
2 The leſs his ſafety;
The King and Cardinal in conſult.
K. Commend us to the Dutcheſs, and imploy
What language you think fit, and powerfull
To reconcile her to ſome peace. My Lords.
Car. Sir, I poſſeſs all for your ſacred uſes.
Exeunt Severally.

Enter Secretary and Celinda.

Sec. Madam, you are the welcom'ſt Lady living.
Cel. To whom, Mr. Secretary?
Sec. If you have mercy
To pardon ſo much boldneſs, I durſt ſay,
To me--I am a Gentleman.
Cel. And handſome.
Sec. But my Lady has much wanted you.
Cel. Why Mr. Secretary?

Sec. You

Sec. You are the prettieſt,
Cel. So.
Sec. The witieſt,
Cel. So.
Sec. The merrieſt Lady i'th' Court.
Cel. And I was wiſh'd to make the Dutcheſs pleaſant.
Sec. She never had ſo deep a cauſe of ſorrow,
Her Chamber's but a Coffin of a larger
Volume, wherein ſhe walks ſo like a Ghoſt,
T'would make you pale to ſee her.
Cel. Tell her Grace I attend here.
Sec. I ſhall moſt willingly.
A ſpirited Lady, would I had her in my cloſet;
She is excellent company among the Lords,
Sure ſhe has an admirable treble-- Madam. *Exit.*
Cel. I do ſuſpect this fellow would be nibling
Like ſome whoſe narrow fortunes will not riſe
To wear things when the inventions rare, and new,
But treading on the heel of pride, they hunt
The faſhion when tis crippled, like fell tyrants;
I hope I am not old yet, I had the honour
To be ſaluted by our Cardinals Nephew
This Morning, ther's a man!

Enter Secretary.

Sec. I have prevail'd,
Sweet Madam uſe what Eloquence you can
Upon her, and if ever I be uſefull (me.
To your Ladiſhips ſervice, your leaſt breath commands

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dut. Madam, I come to ask you but one queſtion,
If you were in my State, my ſtate of grief,
I mean an exile from all happineſs,
Of this world, and almoſt of heaven, for my
Affliction is finding out deſpair,

What would you think of *Don Columbo*?

Cel. Madam?

Duc. Whose Bloody hand wrought all this misery?
Would you not weep as I do? and wish rather
An everlasting spring of tears to drown
Your sight, than let your eys be curst to see
The murderer agen? and glorious?
So careless of his sin, that he is made
Fit for new *Parricide*, even while his soul
Is purpled o'r, and reeks with innocent blood.
But do not, do not answer me, I know
You have so great a spirit, (which I want,
The horrour of his fact surprising all
My faculties) you would not let him live:
But I, poor I, must suffer more, ther's not
One little star in Heaven will look on me,
Unless to choose me out the mark, on whom
It may shoot down some angry influence.

Enter Placentia.

Pla. Madam, her's *Don Columbo* says he must
Speak with your Grace.

Duc. But he must not, I charge you.
None else wait? Is this well done,
To triumph in his Tyranny? speak Madam,
Speak but your conscience.

Enter Columbo, and Secretary.

Sec. Sir, you must not see her.

Col. Not see her? were she cabled up above
The search of Bullet, or of Fire, were she
Within her Grave, and that the toughest Mine
That ever nature teem'd and groand withall,
I would force some way to see her; do not fear
I come to Court you Madam, y'are not worth
The humblest of my kinder thoughts, I come

To

To ſhew the man you have prokvo'd, and loſt;
And tell you what remains of my revenge.
Live, but never preſume again to marry,
I'l kill the next at th' Altar, and quench all
The ſmiling tapers with his blood; if after
You dare provoke the Prieſt, and heaven ſo much,
To take another, in thy bed I'l cut him from
Thy warm embracc, and throw his heart to Ravens.

Cel. This will appear an unexampled cruelty.

Col. Your pardon Madam, rage, and my revenge
Not perfect, took away my eys, you are
A noble Lady, this, not worth your ey-beam,
One of ſo ſlight a making, and ſo thin,
An Autumn leaf is of too great a value
To play, which ſhall be ſooneſt loſt i'th' Air;
Be pleas'd to own me by ſome name, in your
Aſſurance, I deſpiſe to be receiv'd
There, let her witneſs that I call
You Miſtreſs; honour me to make theſe Pearls
Your carkanet.

Cel. My Lord, you are too humble in your thoughts.

Col. Ther's no vexation too great to puniſh her.

Exit.

Enter Secretary.

Sec. Now Madam?

Cel. Away you ſaucy fellow; Madam, I
Muſt be excus'd, if I do think more honourably
Than you have cauſe of this great Lord.

Dut. Why is not
All woman kind concern'd to hate what's impious?

Cel. For my part---

Dut. Antonio, is this a woman?

Sec. I know not whether ſhe be man or woman,
I ſhould be nimble to find out the Experiment,
She look'd with leſs ſtate, when *Columbo* came.

Dut. Le

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Dut. Let me entreat your abſence, I am cozen'd in her,
I took you for a modeſt, honeſt Lady.
Cel. Madam, I ſcorn any accuſer, and
Deducting the great title of a Dutcheſs,
I ſhall not need one grain of your dear honour
To make me full weight, if your Grace be jealous
I can remove. *Exit.*
Sec. She is gone.
Dut. Prethee remove
My fears of her return,--ſhe is not worth *Ex. Sec.*
Conſidering, my anger's mounted higher;
He need not put in caution for my next
Mariage, *Alvarez*, I muſt come to thee,
Thy Virgin, Wife, and Widdow, but not till
I ha' paid thoſe Tragick duties to thy Herſe,
Become my piety and love, but how?
Who ſhall inſtruct a way?

Enter Placentia.

Pla. Madam, *Don*
Hernando much deſires to ſpeak with you.
Dut. Will not thy own diſcretion think I am
Unfit for viſit.
Pla. Pleaſe your Grace he brings
Something he ſays imports your ear, and love
Of the dead Lord *Alvarez*.
Dut. Then admit him.

Enter Hernando.

Her. I would ſpeak, Madam, to your ſelf.
Dut. Your abſence.
Her. I know not how you Grace wil cenſure ſo
Much boldneſs, when you know the affairs I come for.
Dut. My Servant has prepar'd me to receive it,
If it concern my dead Lord.
Her. Can you name

So

So much of your *Alvarez* in a breath
Without one word of your revenge? O Madam,
I come to chide you, and repent my great
Opinion of your virtue, that can walk,
And ſpend ſo many hours in naked Solitude,
As if you thought that no arrear were due
To his death, when you had paid his Funerall charges,
Made your eys red, and wept a handkercher;
I come to tell you that I ſaw him bleed,
I, that can challenge nothing in his name,
And honour, ſaw his murder'd body warm,
And panting with the labour of his ſpirits,
Till my amaz'd Soul ſhrunk and hid it ſelf,
While barbarous *Columbo* grinning ſtood,
And mock'd the weeping wounds; it is too much
That you ſhould keep your heart alive, ſo long
After this ſpectacle, and not revenge it.

Dut. You do not know the buſineſs of my heart,
That cenſure me ſo raſhly; yet I thank you,
And if you be *Alvarez* friend, dare tell
Your confidence, that I deſpiſe my life,
But know not how to uſe it in a ſervice,
To ſpeak me his revenger, this will need
No other proof, than that to you, who may
Be ſent with cunning to betray me, I
Have made this bold confeſſion, I ſo much
Deſire to ſacrifice to that hovering Ghoſt,
Columbo's life, that I am not ambitious
To keep my own two minutes after it.

Her. If you will call me coward, which is equall
To think I am a Traytor, I forgive it,
For this brave reſolution, which time
And all the Deſtinies muſt aid, I beg
That I may kiſs your hand for this, and may
The ſoul of angry honour guide it.

Dut. Whither?

Her. To

Her. To *Don Columbo's* heart.
Dut. It is too weak I fear alone.
Her. Alone? are you in earneſt? why? will it not
Be a diſhonour to your Juſtice, Madam,
Another arm ſhould interpoſe? but that
It were a ſawcy act to mingle with you,
I durſt, nay I am bound in the revenge
Of him that's dead, (ſince the whole world has intereſt,
In every goodmans loſs) to offer it;
Dare you command me, Madam?
Dut. Not command,
But I ſhould more than honour ſuch a truth
In man, that durſt againſt ſo mighty odds,
Appear *Alvarez* friend and mine; the Cardinal—
Her. Is for the ſecond courſe, *Columbo* muſt
Be firſt cut up, his Ghoſt muſt lead the dance.
Let him dy firſt.
Dut. But how?
Her. How? with a Sword, and if I undertake it,
I wo'not loſe ſo much of my own honour,
To kill him baſely.
Dut. How ſhall I reward
This infinite ſervice? 'tis not Modeſty,
While now my husband groanes beneath his tomb,
And calls me to his marble bed, to promiſe
What this great act might well deſerve, my ſelf
If you ſurvive the Victor, but if thus
Alvarez aſhes be appeas'd it muſt
Deſerve an honourable memory;
And though *Columbo* (as he had all power,
And graſp'd the fates) has vow'd to kill the man
That ſhall ſucceed *Alvarez*—
Her. Tyranny.
Dut. Yet if ever,
I entertain a thought of love hereafter,
Hernando from the world ſhall challenge it,

Till

Till when, my Prayers, and fortune, ſhall wait on you.

Her. This is too mighty recompence.

Dut. 'Tis all juſt.

Her. If I outlive *Columbo* I muſt not
Expect ſecurity at home.

Dut. Thou canſt
Not fly, where all my fortunes, and my love,
Shall not atttend to guard thee.

Her. If I dye---

Dut. Thy memory
Shall have a ſhrine, the next within my heart
To my *Alvarez.*

Her. Once again your hand,
Your cauſe is ſo religious you need
Not ſtrengthen it with your prayers, truſt it to me.

Enter Placentia, and Cardinal.

Pla. Madam, the Cardinal.

Dut. Will you appear?

Her. And he had all the horror of the Devil
In's face, I would not balk him. [*He ſtares upon the*
[*Cardinal in his Exit.*

Car. What makes *Hernando* here? I do not like
They ſhould conſult, I'l take no note; the King
Fairly ſalutes your Grace, by whoſe command
I am to tell you, though his will and actions
Illimited, ſtoop not to ſatisfie
The Vulgar inquiſition, he is
Yet willing to retain a juſt opinion,
With thoſe that are plac'd neer him, and although
You look with Natures ey upon your ſelf,
Which needs no perſpective to reach, nor art
Of any optick to make greater, what
Your narrow ſenſe applies an injury,
(Our ſelves ſtill neareſt to our ſelves) but ther's

Another ey that looks abroad and walks
In ſearch of reaſon, and the weight of things,
With which if you look on him, you will find
His pardon to *Colambo* cannot be
So much againſt his juſtice, as your erring
Faith would perſwade your anger.
Dut. Good my Lord,
Your phraſe has too much landſchape and I cannot
Diſtinguiſh at this diſtance you preſent
The figure perfect, but indeed my eys
May pray your Lordſhip find excuſe, for tears
Have almoſt made them blind.
Car. Fair, peace reſtore 'em!
To bring the object nearer, the King ſays,
He could not be ſevere to *Don Columbo*
Without injuſtice to his other merits,
Which call more loud for their reward and honour,
Than you for your revenge; the Kingdom made
Happy by thoſe; you only by the laſt
Unfortunate, nor was it rationall,
I ſpeak the Kings own Language, he ſhould dy
For taking one mans breath, without whoſe valour
None now had been alive, without diſhonour.
Dut. In my poor underſtanding, 'tis the Crown
Of virtue to proceed in its own tract,
Not deviate from honour, if you acquit
A man of murder, 'cauſe he has done brave
Things in the War, you will bring down his valour
To a crime, nay to a baud, if it ſecure
A rape; and but teach thoſe that deſerve well
To ſin with greater licence; but diſpute
Is now too late, my Lord, 'tis done, and you,
By the good King, in tender of my ſorrows,
Sent to perſwade me, 'tis unreaſonable
That Juſtice ſhould repair me.
Car. You miſtake,

For if *Columbo's* death could make *Alvarez*
Live, the King had given him up to Law
Your bleeding Sacrifice; but when his life
Was but another treasure thrown away,
To obey a clamorous Statute, it was wisdom
To himself and common safety to take off
This killing edge of Law, and keep *Columbo*
To recompence the crime by noble acts,
And sorrow, that in time might draw your pity.
Dut. This is a greater tyranny, than that
Columbo exercis'd, he kill'd my Lord,
And you not have the charity to let
Me think it worth a punishment,
Car. To that
In my own name, I answer; I condemn
And urge the bloody guilt against my Nephew,
'Twas violent, and cruell, a black deed,
A deed whose memory doth make me shudder,
An act that did betray a tyranous nature,
Which he took up in War, the school of vengeance;
And though the Kings compassion spare him here,
Unless his heart Weep it self out in penitent tears.
Dut. This sounds
As you were now a good man.
Car. Does your Grace
Think I have conscience to allow the murder?
Although when it was done, I did obey
The stream of nature, as he was my Kinsman,
To plead he might not pay his forfeit life,
Could I do less for one so near my bloud?
Consider Madam, and be charitable,
Let not this wild injustice, make me lose
The character I bear, and reverend habit.
To make you full acquainted with my innocence,
I challenge here my soul, and heaven to witness

If I had any thought, or knowledge with
My nephews plot, or perſon, when he came
Under the ſmooth pretence of friend to violate
Your hoſpitable laws, and do that act
Whoſe frequent mention drawes this tear, a whirlwind
Snatch me to endleſs flames.

Dut. I muſt believe,
And ask your Graces pardon, I confeſs
I ha' not lov'd you ſince *Alvarez* death,
Though we were reconcil'd.

Car. I do not blame
Your Jealouſie, nor any zeal you had
To proſecute revenge againſt me, Madam,
As I then ſtood ſuſpected, nor can yet
Implore your mercy to *Columbo*, all
I have to ſay is to retain my firſt
Opinion and credit with your Grace,
Which you may think I urge not out of fear
Or ends upon you, (ſince, I thank the King,
I ſtand firm on the baſe of royall favour)
But for your own ſake, and to ſhew I have
Compaſſion of your ſufferings.

Dut. You have cleer'd
A doubt my Lord, and by this fair remonſtrance,
Given my ſorrow ſo much truce, to think
That we may meet agen, and yet be friends.
But be not angry, if I ſtill remember
By whom *Alvarez* dyed, and weep, and wake
Another Iuſtice with my prayers,

Car. All thoughts
That may advance a better peace, dwell with you.
Exit.

Dut. How would this cozening Stateſman bribe my (Faith
With flatteries to think him innocent?
No, if his Nephew dy, this Cardinal muſt not
Be long-liv'd; all the prayers of a wrong'd Widow
Make

Make firm *Hernando*'s Sword, and my own hand
Shall have some glory in the next revenge;
I will pretend my brain with grief distracted,
It may gain easy credit, and beside
The taking off examination
For great *Columbo*'s death, it makes what act
I do in that believ'd want of my reason,
Appear no crime, but my defence; look down
Soul of my Lord, from thy eternall shade,
And unto all thy blest companions boast,
Thy Dutchess busie to revenge thy Ghost. *Exit.*

Enter Columbo, Hernando, Alfonso, Colonel.

Col. *Hernando*, now I love thee, and do half
Repent the affront my passion threw upon thee.
Her. You wo'not be too prodigall o' your penitence,
Colu. This makes good thy Nobility of birth,
Thou mayst be worth my anger and my sword,
If thou dost execute as daringly,
As thou provok'st a quarrell, I did think
Thy soul a starveling, or a sleep.
Her. You'l find it
Active enough to keep your spirit waking,
Which to exasperate, for yet I think
It is not high enough to meet my rage---
D'ee smile?
Col. This noise is worth it, Gentlemen;
I'm sorry this great Soldier has engag'd
Your travel, all his business is to talk.
Her. A little of your Lordships patience,
You shall have other sport, and swords that will
Be as nimble 'bout your heart, as you can wish,
'Tis pity more than our two single lives
Should be at stake.
Colon. Make that no scruple Sir.
Her. To him then that survives if fate allow

That difference, I ſpeak that he may tell
The World, I came not hither on ſlight anger,
But to revenge my honour ſtain'd, and trampled on
By this proud man, when General, he commanded
My abſence from the field.
Colu. I do remember,
And I'l give your Soul now a diſcharge.
Her. I come to meet it, if your courage be ſo fortunate.
But there is more than my own injury
You muſt account for Sir, if my ſword proſper,
Whoſe point and every edge is made more keen
With young *Alvarez* blood, in which I had
A Noble intereſt; does not that ſin benum
Thy Arteries, and turn the guilty flowings,
To trembling gelly in thy veins? canſt hear
Me name that murder, and thy ſpirits not
Struck into air, as thou wert ſhot by ſome
Engin from heaven?
Col. You are the Dutcheſs Champion;
Thou haſt given me a quarrell now; I grieve
It is determin'd all muſt fight, and I
Shall loſe much honour in his fall.
Her. That Dutcheſs
(Whom but to mention with thy breath, is ſacrilege)
An Orphan of thy making, and condemn'd
By thee to eternall ſolitude, I come
To vindicate, and while I am killing thee,
By virtue of her prayers ſent up for juſtice,
At the ſame time, in heaven I am pardon'd for't.
Col. I cannot hear the Bravo.
Her. Two words more
And take your chance, before you all I muſt
Pronounce that noble Lady, without knowledge,
Or thought of what I undertake for her.
Poor ſoul, Shees now at her Devotions,
Buſie with heaven, and wearing out the earth

With

With her ſtiff Knees, and bribing her good Angel
With treaſures of her eys, to tell her Lord
How much ſhe longs to ſee him; my attempt
Needs no commiſſion from her, were I
A ſtranger in *Navarre*, the inborn right
Of every Gentleman to *Alvarez* loſs,
Is reaſon to engage their ſwords, and lives,
Againſt the common enemy of virtue.

Colu. Now have you finiſh'd? I have an inſtrument
Shall cure this noiſe, and fly up to thy tongue,
To murder all thy words.

Her. One little knot
Of phlegm that clogs my ſtomach, and I ha' done;
You have an Uncle call'd a Cardinal
Would he were lurking now about thy heart,
That the ſame wounds might reach you both, and ſend
Your reeling ſouls together. Now have at you.

Alph. We muſt not Sir be idle. [*They fight, Columbo's Second ſlain.*

Her. What think you now of praying?

Colu. Time enough; [*He kills Hernando's Second.*
Commend me to my friend; the ſcales are even,
I would be merciſull, and give you time,
Now to conſider of the other World,
You'l find your ſoul benighted preſently.

Her. I'l find my way i'th' dark. [*They fight, and cloſe;*

Colu A ſtumble's dangerous. [*Columbo gets both the ſwords, and Hernando takes up the ſeconds weapon.*
Now ask thy life--Ha?

Her. I deſpiſe to wear it,
A gift from any but the firſt beſtower.

Col. I ſcorn a baſe advantage--ha.

Her. I am now [*Columbo throwes away one of the ſwords.*
Out of your debt. [*They fight, Hernando wounds Columbo.*

Col. Th'aſt don't, and I forgive thee.
Give me thy hand, when ſhall we meet again?

Her. Never, I hope.
Col. I feel life ebb apace, yet I'l look upwards,
And ſhew my face to heaven.
Her. The matters done,
I muſt not ſtay to bury him. *Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.*
Columbo's death doth much aflict the King. (wits
2 *Lo.* I thought the Cardinal would have loſt his
At firſt, for's nephew, it drownes all the talk
Of the other that were ſlain.
1 We are friends.
I do ſuſpect *Hernando* had ſome intereſt
And knew how their wounds came.
2 His flight confirms it,
For whom the Cardinal has ſpread his nets.
1 He is not ſo weak to truſt himſelf at home
To his Enemies gripe.
2 All ſtrikes not me ſo much,
As that the Dutcheſs, moſt oppreſſed Lady,
Should be diſtracted, and before *Columbo*
Was ſlain.
1 But that the Cardinal ſhould be made
Her Guardian, is to me above that wonder.
2 So it pleas'd the King, and ſhe, with that ſmall ſtock
Of reaſon left her, is ſo kind, and ſmooth
Upon him.
1 She's turn'd a child agen; a madneſs,
That would ha' made her brain and blood boil high

In

In which diſtemper ſhe might ha' wrought ſomething.
2 Had been to purpoſe.
1 The Cardinal is cunning, and how e'r
His brow does ſmile, he does ſuſpect *Hernando*
Took fire from her, and waits a time to puniſh it.
2 But what a ſubject of diſgrace, and mirth,
Hath poor *Celinda* made herſelf by pride,
In her belief *Columbo* was her ſervant.
Her head hath ſtoop'd much ſince he died, and ſhe
Almoſt ridiculous at Court.

Enter Cardinal, Antonelli, Servant.

1. The Cardinal
Is come into the Garden, now ———
Car. Walk off,
It troubles me the Dutcheſs by her loſs
Of brain is now beneath my great revenge,
She is not capable to feel my anger,
Which like to unregarded thunder ſpent
In woods, and lightning aim'd at ſenſeleſs trees,
Muſt idly fall, and hurt her not, not to
That ſenſe her guilt deſerves a fatall ſtroke,
Without the knowledg for what crime to fright her,
When ſhe takes leave, and make her tug with death,
Untill her ſoul ſweat, is a Pidgeons torment,
And ſhe is ſent a babe to the other World,
Columbo's death will not be ſatisfied,
And I but wound her with a two edg'd feather;
I muſt do more, I have all opportunity,
(She by the King now made my charge) but ſhe's
So much a turtle I ſhall loſe by killing her,
Perhaps do her a pleaſure, and preferment;
That muſt not be.

Enter Celinda with a Parchment.

Anto. Is not this ſhe, that would be thought to have (been

Columbo's Miſtreſs? Madam, his grace is private,
And would not be diſturb'd, you may diſpleaſe him.
Cel. What will your worſhip wager that he ſhall
Be pleas'd again before we part.
Ant. I'l lay this Diamond Madam, 'gainſt a kiſs,
And truſt your ſelf to keep the ſtakes.
Cel. 'Tis done.
Ant. I have long had an appetite to this Lady,
But the Lords keep her up ſo high-- this toy
May bring her on.
Car. This interruption taſts not of good manners.
Cel. But where neceſſity my Lord compells,
The boldneſs may meet pardon, and when you
Have found my purpoſe, I may leſs appear
Unmannerly.
Car. To th' buſineſs.
Cel. It did pleaſe
Your Nephew, Sir, before his death to credit me
With ſo much honorable favour, I
Am come to tender to his neer'ſt of blood,
Your ſelf, what does remain a debt to him.
Not to delay your Grace with circumſtance,
That deed, if you accept, makes you my heir
Of no contemptible eſtate-- this way [*He reads.*
Is only left to ty up ſcurrile tongues,
And ſaucy men, that ſince *Columbo*'s death
Venture to Libell on my pride, and folly;
His greatneſs, and this gift which I enjoy,
Still for my life, beyond which term; a Kingdom's,
Nothing, will curb the giddy ſpleens of men
That live on impudent rime, and railing at
Each wandering fame they catch.
Car. Madam, this bounty
Will bind my gratitude and care to ſerve you.
Cel. I am your Graces Servant.
Car. *Antonelli*, [*Whiſper.*

And

And when this noble Lady visits me
Let her not wait.

Cel. What think you my Officious, Sir; his grace
Is pleas'd, you may conjecture? I may keep
Your Gem, the kiss was never yours.

Ant. Sweet Madam---

Cel. Talk if you dare, you know I must not wait,
And so farewell for this time.

Car. 'Tis in my brain already, and it formes
A pace, good, excellent revenge, and pleasant!
She's now within my talons, 'tis too cheap
A satisfaction for *Columbo*'s death,
Only to kill her by soft charm or force,
I'l rifle first her darling chastity,
'Twil be after time enough to poyson her,
And she to th' world be thought her own destroyer.
As I will frame the circumstance, this night
All may be finished; for the Colonel,
Her agent in my Nephewes death (whom I
Disturb'd at Counsell with her) I may reach him
Hereafter, and be Master of his fate.
We starve our Conscience when we thrive in State.

Exeunt.

Enter Secretary, and Placentia.

Sec. Placentia, We two are only left
Of my Ladies Servants, let us be true
To her, and one another, and be sure
When we are at prayers, to curse the Cardinal.

Pla. I pity my sweet Lady.

Sec. I pity her too, but am a little angry;
She might have found another time to lose
Her wits.

Pla. That I were a man?

Sec. What would'st thou do *Placentia*?

Pla. I would revenge my Lady.

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Sec. 'Tis better being a woman, thou mayst do
Things that may prosper better, and the fruit
Be thy own another day.
Pla. Your wit still loves
To play the wanton.
Sec. 'Tis a sad time *Placentia*,
Some pleasure would do well, the truth is, I
Am weary of my life, and I would have
One fit of mirth before I leave the world.
Pla. Do not you blush to talk thus wildly?
Sec. 'Tis good manners
To be a little mad after my Lady;
But I ha' done; who is with her now?
Pla. Madam *Valeria*.
Sec. Not *Celinda*? Ther's a Lady for my humour,
A pretty book of flesh and blood, and well
Bound up, in a fair letter too; would I
Had her with all the Errata.
Pla. She has not
An honorable Fame.
Sec. Her Fame? that's nothing,
A little stain, her wealth will fetch again
The colour, and bring honour into her cheeks
As fresh; if she were mine, and I had her
Exchequer. I know the way to make her honest,
Honest to th' touch, the test, and the last tryall.
Pla. How Prethee? (rial];
Sec. Why, first I would marry her, that's a verb Mate-
Then I would Print her with an *Index*
Expurgatorius, a table drawn
Of her Court Heresies, and when she's read
Cum Privilegio, who dares call her Whore?
Pla. I'l leave you, if you talk thus.
Sec. I ha' done,
Placentia, thou may'st be better company
After another progress; and now tell me,

Did'st

Did'ſt ever hear of ſuch a patient madneſs
As my Lady is poſſeſt with? ſhe has rav'd
But twice; and ſhe would fright the Cardinall,
Or at a ſupper if ſhe did but poyſon him,
It were a phrenſy I could bear withall;
She calls him her dear Governour---

Enter Hernando diſguiſed having a Letter.

Pla. Who is this?
Her. Her Secretary? Sir,
Here is a Letter if it may have ſo
Much happineſs to kiſs her Graces hand.
Sec. From whom?
Her. That's not in your Commiſſion Sir
To ask, or mine to ſatisfie, ſhe will want
No underſtanding when ſhe reads.
Sec. Alas,
Under your favour Sir, you are miſtaken,
Her Grace did never more want underſtanding.
Her. How?
Sec. have you not heard, her ſcull is broken Sir
And many pieces taken out, ſhe's mad.
Her. The ſad fame of her diſtraction
Has two much truth it ſeems.
Pla. If pleaſe you Sir
To expect a while, I will preſent the Letter.
Her. Pray do *Exit Placen.*
How long has ſhe been thus Diſtemper'd Sir?
Sec. Before the Cardinal came to govern here,
Who for that reaſon by the King was made
Her Guardian, we are now at his devotion.
Her. A Lamb given up to a Tyger! may diſeaſes
Soon eat him through his heart!
Sec. Your pardon Sir,
I love that voice, I know it too, a little,
Are not you? be not angry noble Sir,

I can with eaſe be ignorant agen,
And think you are another man, but if
You be that valiant Gentleman they call --
Her. Whom? What?
Sec. That kill'd, I would not name him if I thought
You were not pleas'd to be that very Gentleman.
Her. Am I betraid?
Sec. The Devil ſha'not
Betray you here, kill me, and I will take
My death you are the Noble Colonel;
We are all bound to you for the Generals death,
Valiant *Hernando*? when my Lady knows
You are here, I hope 'twil fetch her wits agen,
But do not talk too loud, we are not all
Honeſt i'th' houſe, ſome are the Cardinals creatures.
Her. Thou wert faithfull to thy Lady, I am glad
'Tis night, but tell me how the Churchman uſes
The Dutcheſs?

Enter Antonelli.

Sec. He carries Angels in his tongue, and face, but I
Suſpect his heart, this is one of his ſpawns.
Signior *Antonelli*.
Ant. Honeſt *Antonio*.
Sec. And how, and how--- a friend of mine, where is
The Cardinals Grace?
Her. That will be never anſwered.
Ant. He means to ſup here with the Dutcheſs.
Sec. Will he?
Ant. We'l have the charming bottles at my chamber,
Bring that Gentleman, we'l be mighty merry.
Her. I may diſturb your jollity.
Ant. Farewell ſweet---
Sec. Dear *Antonelli*--- a round Pox confound you.
This is Court Retorick at the back ſtairs.

Enter

Enter Placentia.

Pla. Do you know this Gentleman?
Sec. Not I.
Pla. My Lady preſently diſmiſt *Valeria*,
And bad me bring him to her bed-chamber.
Sec. The Gentleman has an honeſt face.
Pla. Her words fell from her with ſome evenneſs & joy.
Her Grace deſires your preſence.
Her. I'l attend her. *Exit.*
Sec. I would this Soldier had the Cardinal
Upon a promontory, with what a ſpring
The Churchman would leap down, it were a ſpectacle
Moſt rare to ſee him topple from the precipice,
And ſouſe in the ſalt water with a noiſe
To ſtun the fiſhes; and if he fell into
A net, what wonder would the ſimple Sea-guls
Have, to draw up the o'rgrown Lobſter,
So ready boild? he ſhall have my good wiſhes,
This Colonels coming may be lucky. I
Will be ſure none ſhall interrupt 'em.

Enter Celinda.

Cel. Is her Grace at opportunity?
Sec. No ſweet Madam,
She is a ſleep, her Gentlewoman ſays.
Cel. My buſineſs is but viſit, I'l expect.
Sec. That muſt not be, although I like your company;
Cel. You are grown rich Mr. Secretary.
Sec. I Madam, Alas!
Cel. I hear you are upon another purchaſe.
Sec. I upon a purchaſe?
Cel. If you want any ſum ——
Sec. If I could purchaſe your ſweet favour Madam?
Cel. You ſhall command me, and my fortune Sir.
Sec. How's this?

Cel. I

Cel. I have obſerv'd you Sir a ſtaid,
And prudent Gentleman--- and I ſhall want---
Sec. Not me?
Cel. A Father for ſome Infant; he has credit [*Aſide.*
Pth' world; I am not the firſt caſt Lady
Has married a Secretary.
Sec. Shall I wait upon you?
Cel. Whither?
Sec. Any whither.
Cel. I may chance lead you then---
Sec. I ſhall be honour'd to obey, my blood
Is up, and in this humour I'm for any thing.
Cel. Well Sir, I'l try your Manhood.
Sec. 'Tis my happineſs,
You cannot pleaſe me better.
Cel. This was ſtruck
Pth' opportunity.
Sec. I am made for ever.

Enter Hernando, and Dutcheſs.

Her. Dear Madam, do not weep.
Dut. Y'are very welcome,
I ha done, I wo'not ſhed a tear more
Till I meet *Alvarez*, then I'l weep for joy;
He was a fine young Gentleman, and ſung ſweetly,
And you had heard him but the night before
We were married, you would ha' ſworn he had been
A Swan, and ſung his own ſad Epitaph;
But we'l talk o'the Cardinal.
Her. Would his death
Might ranſom your fair ſenſe, he ſhould not live
To triumph in the loſs, beſhrow my manhood;
But I begin to melt.
Dut. I pray Sir tell me,
For I can underſtand, although they ſay
I have loſt my wits; but they are ſafe enough,

An

And I ſhall have 'em when the Cardinal dyes;
Who had a Letter from his Nephew too
Since he was ſlain.

Her. From whence?

Dut. I know not where he is? but in ſome Bower
Within a Garden he is mak ng Chaplets,
And means to ſend me one, but I'l not take it,
I have flowers enough I thank him while I live.

Her. But do you love your Governour?

Dut. Yes, but I'l never marry him, I am promis'd
Already.

Her. To whom Madam?

Dut. Do not you
Bluſh when you ask me that, muſt not you be
My Husband? I know why, but that's a ſecret;
Indeed if you believe me, I do love
No man alive ſo well as you, the Cardinal
Shall never know't, hee'l kill us both, and yet
He ſays he loves me dearly, and has promis'd
To make me well again, but I'm afraid,
One time or other he will give me poyſon.

Her. Prevent him Madam, and take nothing from him.

Dut. Why, do you think 'twil hurt me?

Her. It will kill you.

Dut. I ſhall but dye, and meet my dear lov'd Lord,
Whom when I have kiſt, I'l come again, and work
A bracelet of my hair for you to carry him,
When you are going to heaven, the poeſy ſhall
Be my own name, in little tears, that I
Will weep next winter, which congeal'd i'th' froſt
Will ſhew like ſeed-Pearl, you'l deliver it?
I know he'l love, and wear it for my ſake.

Her. She is quite loſt.

Dut. I pray give me Sir, your pardon,
I know I talk not wiſely, but if you had
The burthen of my ſorrow, you would miſs

Some-

Sometimes your better reaſon; now I'm well,
What will you do when the Cardinal comes?
He muſt not ſee you for the world.
Her. He ſha'not,
I'l take my leave before he come.
Dut. Nay ſtay,
I ſhall have no friend left me when you go,
He will but ſup, he ſha'not ſtay to ly wi' me,
I have the picture of my Lord abed,
Three are to much this weather.
Enter Placentia.
Pla. Madam, the Cardinal.
Her. He ſhall ſup with the Devil.
Dut. I dare not ſtay,
The Red-cock will be angry, I'l come agen. *Exeunt.*
Her. This ſorrow is no fable, now I find
My curioſity is ſadly ſatisfied;
Ha? if the Dutcheſs in her ſtragled wits,
Let fall words to betray me to the Cardinal,
The Panther will not leap more fierce to meet
His prey, when a long want of food hath parch'd
His ſtarved maw, than he to print his rage
And tear my heart-ſtrings, every thing is fatall,
And yet ſhe talk'd ſometimes with chain of ſenſe,
And ſaid ſhe lov'd me; ha, they come not yet;
I have a ſword about me, and I left
My own ſecurity to viſit death.
Yet I may pauſe a little, and conſider
Which way does lead me to't moſt honorably;
Does not the Chamber that I walk in tremble?
What will become of her, and me, and all
The world in one ſmall hour? I do not think
Ever to ſee the day agen, the wings
Of night ſpread o'r me like a ſable Herſe-cloath,
The Stars are all cloſe mourners too; but I
Muſt not alone to the cold ſilent grave,
I muſt not; If thou canſt *Alvarez* open

That

That Ebon curtain, and behold the man,
When the worlds juſtice fails ſhall right thy aſhes,
And feed their thirſt with blood, thy Dutcheſs is
Almoſt a Ghoſt already; and doth wear
Her body like a uſeleſs upper garment,
The trim and faſhion of it loſt. Ha? *Enter Placentia.*
Pla. You need not doubt me, Sir, My Lady prays
You would not think it long, ſhe in my ear,
Commanded me to tell you, that when laſt
She drank, ſhe had happy wiſhes to your health.
Her. And did the Cardinal pledge it?
Pla. He was not
Invited to't, nor muſt he know you are here.
Her. What do they talk of prethee?
Pla. His Grace is very pleaſant [*A Lute is heard.*
And kind to her, but her returns are after
The ſad condition of her ſenſe, ſometimes unjoynted.
Her. They have Muſick.
Pla. A Lute only,
His Grace prepard, they ſay, the beſt of *Italy*
That waits upon my Lord.
Her. He thinks the Dutcheſs
Is ſtung with a Tarantula.
Pla. Your pardon.
My duty is expected. *Exit*
Her. Gentle Lady.---a voice too?

Song within.

S. *COme my* Daphne, *come away,*
We do waſt the Cryſtal day;
'Tis Strephon *calls.* Da. *What ſays my love?*
S. *Come follow to the Mirtle Grove,*
Where Venus *ſhall prepare*
New Chaplets for thy hair.
D. *Were I ſhut up within a Tree,*
I'd rend my bark to follow thee.
S. *My Shepherdeſs, make haſt,*
The minutes ſlide too faſt: D. *In*

D. *In thoſe cooler ſhades will I*
Blind, as Cupid, *kiſs thine ey.*
S. *In thy boſome then I'l ſtay,*
In ſuch warm Snow who would not loſe his way.

Chor. *WE'ilaugh and leave the world behind,*
And Gods themſelves that ſee,
Shall envy thee, and me;
But never find
Such joys, when they embrace a Deity.

If at this diſtance I diſtinguiſh, 'tis not
Church muſick, and the air's wanton, and no Anthem
Sung to't, but ſome ſtrange Ode of love, and kiſſes,
What ſhould this mean?--- ha, he is coming hither,
I am betraid, he marches in her hand,
I'l truſt a little more, mute as the Arras
My ſword and I here. [*He obſerves*

Enter Cardinal, Dutcheſs, Antonelli. and Attendants.

Car. Wait you in the firſt Chamber, and let none
Preſume to interrupt us. *Ex. Serv.*
She is pleaſant; now for ſome art to poyſon all her inno-
Dut. I do not like the Cardinals humour, he (cence.
Little ſuſpects what gueſt is in my Chamber.
Car. Now Madam you are ſafe.
Dut. How means your Lordſhip?
Car. Safe in my Arms, ſweet Dutcheſs.
Dut. Do not hurt me.
Car. Not for the treaſures of the world, you are
My pretty charge, had I as many lives
As I have carefull thoughts, to do you ſervice,
I ſhould think all a happy forfeit to
Delight your Grace one minute; 'tis a heaven
To ſee you ſmile.
Dut. What kindneſs call you this?
Car. It cannot want a name while you preſerve
So plentifull a ſweetneſs; it is love. *Dut.*

Dut. Of me? how ſhall I know't my Lord?
Car. By this, and this, ſwift Meſſengers to whiſper
Our hearts to one another. [*Kiſſes.*
Dut. Pray do you come a wooing?
Car. Yes ſweet Madam,
You cannot be ſo cruell to deny me.
Dut. What my Lord? *Car.* Another kiſs.
Dut. Can you
Diſpenſe with this my Lord? Alas I fear [*Aſide.*
Hernando is aſleep, or vaniſh'd from me.
Car. I have mock'd my blood into a flame, and what
My angry ſoul had form'd for my revenge,
Is now the object of my amorous ſenſe,
I have took a ſtrong inchantment from her lips,
And fear I ſhall forgive *Columbo's* death
If She conſent to my embrace; come Madam.
Dut. Whither my Lord?
Car. But to your bed or couch,
Where if you will be kind, and but allow
Your ſelf a knowledg, love whoſe ſhape and raptures
Wiſe Poets have but glorified in dreams,
Shall make your chamber his eternall Palace;
And with ſuch active and eſſentiall ſtreams
Of new delights glide o'r your boſome, you
Shall wonder to what unknown world you are
By ſome bleſt change tranſlated; why d'e pauſe?
And look ſo wild? will you deny your Governour?
Dut. How came you by that Cloven foot?
Car. Your fancy
Would turn a traitour to your happineſs;
I am your friend, you muſt be kind.
Dut. Unhand me,
Or I'l cry out a rape.
Car. You wo'not ſure?
Dut. I have been cozend with *Hernando's* ſhadow,
Here's none but heaven to hear me, help, a rape.

Car. Are you ſo good at underſtanding then,
I muſt uſe other argument. [*He forces her.*

Her. Go to, Cardinal. [*Strikes him. Ex. Dut.*

Car. Hernando, Murder, Treaſon, help.

Her. An army ſha'not reſcue thee, your blood
Is much inflam'd, I have brought a Lancet wi'me,
Shall open your hot veins, and cool your fever;
To vex thy parting Soul, it was the ſame
Engin that pinc'd *Columbo's* heart.

Car. Help, Murder.

Enter Antonelli and Servants.

Anton. Some ring the bell, 'twil raiſe the Court,
My Lord is murder'd, 'tis *Hernando.* *The bell rings.*

Her. I'l make you all ſome ſport,--So, now we are even,
Where is the Dutcheſs, I would take my leave
Of her, and then bequeath my curſe among you.
[*Her. falls.*

Enter King, Dutcheſs, Valeria, Lords, Guard.

K. How come theſe bloody objects? (paid.

Her. With a trick my ſword found out, I hope he's

1 *Lo* I hope ſo to; a Surgeon for my Lord Cardinal.

K. Hernando?

Dut. Iuſtice, Oh Iuſtice Sir, againſt a raviſher.

Her. Sir I ha' done you ſervice.

K. A bloody ſervice.

Her. 'Tis pure Searlet. *Enter Surgeon.*

Car. After ſuch care to perfect my revenge
Thus banded out o'th' world by a womans plot?

Her. I have preſerv'd the Dutcheſs from a rape,
Good-night to me and all the world for ever. [*Dies.*

K. So impious.

Dut. 'Tis moſt true, *Alvarez* blood
Is now reveng'd, I find my brain return,
And every ſtragling ſenſe repairing home.

Car. I have deſerv'd you ſhould turn from me Sir,
My life hath been prodigiouſly wicked,

My

My blood is now the Kingdoms balm; oh Sir,
I have abus'd your ear, your truſt, your people,
And my own ſacred Office, my conſcience
Feels now the ſting, oh ſhew your charity,
And with your pardon like a cool ſoft gale
Fan my poor ſweating ſoul; that wanders through
Unhabitable climes, and parched deſerts;
But I am loſt, if the great World forgive me,
Unleſs I find your mercy for a crime
You know not Madam, yet againſt your life.
I muſt confeſs, more than my black intents
Upon your honour, y'are already poyſon'd.
K. By whom? *Car.* By me,
In the revenge I ow'd *Columbo's* loſs,
With your laſt meat was mixt a poyſon that
By ſubtle, and by ſure degrees muſt let in death.
K. Look to the Dutcheſs, our Phyſicians?
Car. Stay, I will deſerve her mercy, though I cannot
Call back the deed, in proof of my repentance,
If the laſt breath of a now dying man
May gain your charity, and belief, receive
This Ivory box, in it an antidote
'Bove that they boaſt the great magiſtrall medicine,
That pouder mixt with wine by a moſt rare
And quick acceſs to the heart will fortifie it
Againſt the rage of the moſt nimble poyſon,
I am not worthy to preſent her with it,
Oh take it and preſerve her innocent life. (readyneſs.
1 *Lo.* Strange, he ſhould have a good thing in ſuch
Car. This that which in my jealouſie and ſtate
Truſting to falſe predictions of my birth,
That I ſh dy by poyſon, I preſerv'd
For my own ſafety, wonder not, I made,
That my companion was to be my refuge.
Enter Servant with a bowle of Wine.
1 *Lo.* Her's ſome touch of grace.

Car. in greater proof of my pure thoughts I take
This firſt, and with my dying breath confirm
My penitence, it may benefit her life,
But not my wounds; oh haſten to preſerve her,
And though I merit not her pardon, let not
Her fair ſoul be divorc'd

K. This is ſome charity, may it proſper Madam.

Valeria. How does your grace?

Dut. And muſt I owe my life to him whoſe death
Was my ambition? take this free acknowledgment,
I had intent this night with my own hand
To be *Alvarez* luſticer.

K. You were mad,
And thought paſt apprehenſion of revenge.

Dut. That ſhape I did uſurp, great Sir, to give
My Art more freedom and defence, but when
Hernando came to viſit me, I thought
I might defer my execution,
Which his owe rage ſuppli'd without my guilt,
And when his luſt grew high, met with his blood.

Lo. The Cardial ſmiles.

Car. Now my revenge has met
With you my nimble Dutcheſs, I have took
A ſhape to give my act more freedom too,
And now I am ſure ſhe's poyſon'd, with that doze
I gave her laſt.

K. Th'art not ſo horrid?

Dut. Ha! ſome Cordiall.

Car. Alas no preſervative
Hath wings to overtake it, were her heart
Lock'd in a quarry, it would ſearch, and kill
Before the aids can reach it; I am ſure
You ſha not now laugh at me.

K. How came you by that poyſon?

Car. I prepar'd it,
Reſolving when I had enjoy'd her, which

The Colonel prevented, by ſome art
To make her take it, and by death conclude
My laſt revenge; you have the fatal Story.
K. This is ſo great a wickedneſs, it will
Exceed belief. *Car.* I knew I could not live.
Surgeon. Your wounds, Sir, were not deſperate.
Car. Not mortall? ha? were they not mortall?
Surg. If I have skill in Surgery.
Car. Then I have caught my ſelf in my own Engin.
2 *Lo.* It was your fate you ſaid to dy by poyſon.
Car. That was my own prediction to abuſe
Your faith, no humane art can now reſiſt it,
I feel it knocking at the ſeat of life,
It muſt come in, I have wrackt all my own
To try your charities, now it would be rare,
If you but waft me with a little prayer,
My wings that flag may catch the wind, but 'tis
In vain, the miſt is riſen, and ther's none
To ſtear my wandring bark. [*Dyes.*
1 *Lo.* He's dead? *K.* With him
Dy all deceived truſt. 2 *Lo.* This was a ſtrange impiety.
K. When men
Of Gifts and ſacred Function once decline
From virtue, their ill deeds tranſcend example.
Dut. The minute's come that I muſt take my leave too.
Your hand great Sir, and though you be a King,
We may exchange forgiveneſs, heaven forgive,
And all the world. I come, I come *Alvarez* [*Dyes.*
K. Diſpoſe their bodies for becoming funeral;
How much are Kings abus'd by thoſe they take
To royall grace? whom when they cheriſh moſt
By nice indulgence, they doo often arm
Againſt themſelves; from whence this maxim ſprings,
None have more need of Perſpectives than Kings.
Exeunt.

Epilogue

Epilogue.

Within. Mr. *Pollard*, wher's Mr. *Pollard* for the Epilogue?

He is thruſt upon the Stage, and falls.

Epilogue.

I Am coming to you Gentlemen, the Poet
Has help'd me thus far on my way, but I'l
Be even with him; the Play is a Tragedy,
The firſt that ever he compos'd for us,
Wherein he thinks he has done pretily, Enter Servant.
And I am ſenſible; I prethee look
Is nothing out of joynt? has he broke nothing?

Serv. *No Sir, I hope.*

Epi. *Yes, he has broke his Epilogue all to peeces,*
Canſt thou put it together agen?

Ser. *Not I Sir.*

Epi. *Nor I, prethee be gone, hum? Mr. Poet,*
I have a teeming mind to be reveng'd.
You may aſſiſt, and not be ſeen in't now.
If you pleaſe Gentlemen, for I do know
He liſtens to the iſſue of his cauſe,
But bliſter not your hands in his applauſe,
Your private ſmile, your nod, or hum, to tell
My fellows, that you like the buſineſs well;
And when without a clap you go away,
I'l drink a ſmall-bear health to his ſecond day;
And break his heart, or make him ſwear, and rage;
He'l write no more for the unhappy Stage;
But that's too much, ſo we ſhould loſe; faith ſhew it,
And if you like his play, 'ts as well, he knew it.

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